The English LUCIAN:

OR,

Weekly Diſcoveries

OF THE

Witty Intrigues, Comical Paſſages, and Remarkable Tranſactions in *Town* and *Country*: Being Reflections on the *Vices* and *Vanities* of the *Times*.

From Monday *Feb.* 28. to that day Sennit.

Covent-Garden, March 1.

A Late Disbanded Officer, who had not known the want of Money for ſeveral Years, and thinking he never ſhould, Far'd, like the rich Glutton, Deliciouſly every day, till his Extravagancy had brought him to ſo low an ebbe, That Poverty, like a ſtraight Shooe, ſo pinch'd him, that he was often forc'd to Dine with Duke *Humphrey* in the Piazza of this Place. But Oh the all-prevailing Oratory of Hunger! What a Crafts-Maſter, or Maſter of Arts is the Belly? His Stomach now call'd for Meat, but, alas, he had not wherewithal to ſatisfy it. He thought of many ways, but none would do, till ſeeing a pretty Dog, he reſolv'd to make a Dinner of him; which he thus effected. He having a String in his Pocket, inſtantly ſtept to the Dog, ti'd it about his Neck, and with much Gravity and State led him into an eminent Ordinary near this place, deliver'd him to the Cook, deſiring he might be ti'd up till he had Din'd, which accordingly was done: As ſoon as he had ſilenced the clammers of his croaking Intrals, he call'd the Cook to him, ſaying, *I have a little buſineſs with a Gentleman juſt by, and I am unwilling to take my Dog with me, pray be careful of him till I come again, for I would not looſe him for Ten Guineas, which ſhall be in a little time, and then I'll pay you for my Dinner.* This the harmleſs Cook, with many cringes, promiſed to do: The Captain being well pleas'd at the good ſucceſs of his project, immediatly went to an old Acquaintance, whoſe ſircumſtances were no better than his own, and told him what had paſt; and that he did not intend the Frolick ſhould end ſo: For he doubted not but they both might have a plentiful Dinner, and a Bottle or two of Wine the next day, provided he would go and ſet the Impriſon'd Dog at Liberty; which he readily undertook, accompliſh'd that Evening, and inform'd his Friend of it. The next day, about Noon, they both went to the Cooks and demanded the Dog, at which the affrighted Cook, with a pittiful Countinance, ſcratch'd his Ears, ſaying, *Your Dog Sir. Aye, my Dog Sir, I hope you han't loſt him!* *Loſt him*, quoth the Cook, *indeed I cou'd not help it, I heartily beg your pardon, I took what care I cou'd, but he unhappily ſlipt the ſtring, and is gon, but I hope you'll hear of him again Sir. Hear of him, ye Block-head*, ſaid the Captain, with much ſeeming paſſion, *I might have had Twenty Guineas for my Dog. Pray Captain*, ſaid his Confederat, *which of your Dogs was it? My Setting Dog*, ſaid he, *Then you have loſt the fineſt Dog in the World. Ay*, reply'd the Captain, *ſo I have, but I'll make this Fellow give me ſatisfaction for him—— Come take your Money, What is't I owe you? Owe me Sir*, ſaid the Cook, *you owe me nothing; and as you are Gentlemen, I hope you'll take no advantage of me for this misfortune, but paſs it by and I'll Treat you with the beſt I have in my Houſe, and as much Wine as you'll drink.* Which was no ſooner offer'd, but his Friend ſaid, *come Captain excuſe it, for 'tis pitie to ruin a poor Man for the loſs of a Dog.* So with much ſeeming unwillingneſs, he accepted the offer; and when they had ſufficiently ſtuffed their half ſtarv'd carcaſſes, with much joy and ſatisfaction on both ſides they parted. *Let other Cooks take care they be not thus Bit, by tying up a Dog.*

Newcaſtle, March 2. An Ignorant Fellow of this Place, had Drank ſo long, that his Head was fuller of *Ale* than *Brains*, riding home late in the Night, loſt his way, and unhappily was got among the *Coal-Pits*, and coming near the Mouth of one of 'em, his Horſe, who could ſee better than himſelf, gave a ſudden ſtart back, and threw his Intoxicated Rider in, on whom the old Proverb was verifi'd, for he fell to the bottom without any hurt. The fright of his fall, in part diſſipated the Fumes contracted by his hard drinking, inſomuch that he began to conſider where he was. Then groping and rambling for a conſiderable time, in hopes to find his way out, without any ſucceſs, he ſat down, and being thorowly tir'd, ſoon fell a Sleep. But when he Awak'd, being more ſenſable, his Fears were increaſed: For now, from the Darkneſs and Cloſeneſs of the place, with its Sulferous ſents, he concluded himſelf really in *Hell*. And to confirm him in this opinion, early in the Morning one of the Men was let down with his Lanthorn and Candle, as uſual, to work, which as ſoon as he ſaw, he believed 'twas the Devil; and perceiving him to come towards him, was ſo terrified, that he cry'd out in a hidious mannor, at which the Collier, equally

equally fill'd with fear and amazement, lowdly said, *Who's there?* A poor wretch, *an't please your Worship*, reply'd the Fellow. *How came you here?* said the Collier. I can't tell, *an't please your Worship*. *Where do you think you are*, said the Collier? *In Hell, an't please your Worship*. The Collier perceiving the Mans mistake, and ignorance, was as well pleas'd with his Answers, as surpriz'd to find him there, going nearer to him, said, *Who do you think I am? The Devil, an't please your Worship*, quoth the Fellow. By this time more of the Men were come to work, to whom he related the whole story, which occasion'd much Laughter amongst them. So undeceiving the poor Sot, they sent him from his imagin'd Kingdom of Darkness, to the desir'd Regions of Light.

Lancashire, March 3. An old rich Gentleman being married to a young wanton Lady, her husband being somewhat wanting in his *Nocturnal* duty, she plac'd that affection due to him on a Soldier; and tho' she was careful to conceal her Lascentious passion, yet the old man being jealous, soon perceiv'd it, but to be more certain of what he doubted, he pretends a journey for some days, and taking Money away he goes. The Lady had acquainted an old *Matrona* with he *Amours*, who had inform'd the Soldier, that it was his good fortune to be belov'd by such a Lady; he being a true Son of *Mars*, was well pleas'd with this hopeful enjoyment of so fair a *Venus*: And nothing was wanting to their *Conjunction* but an opportunity, which was now come by the absence of the Old man, of which the Soldier having notice, he, according to orders, walk'd before the Gate of the House that Evening, expecting admittance. The Husband having stai'd thereabouts all day, at night return'd home, and found the Soldier attending, which caused him to suspect the occasion, and his suspition was confirmed when he came into the House and found a Banquet prepared, and his Wife ready to receive her Champion. She was so surpriz'd at his appearance, that she could not give him any reasonable answer to the many questions he asked; upon which, his passion being rais'd, he resolv'd to be reveng'd on her, and accordingly he strip'd her naked, and so led her to a Pond, in the middle of which he ty'd her fast to a Post, thinking thereby to cool that heat that had occasioned her Malady, and his Jealousie. The Soldiers patience being worn out, went to the old Woman who had been his Broaker in this intended Merchandize, and tells her of his fruitless attendance, she wonders at it, and presently goes with him to the house, where having a Key she enters the Gate, and leaves the Soldier in an outer Court, went towards the house, where she saw the young Lady in the Pond, in the manner her Husband had left her. After some small Dialogue, whereby they both understood the true state of affairs; the young Lady having still a mind to enjoy her Gallant, it was agreed, that the old one should unstrip & stand in her stead, whilst she went to her Lover. The young woman being dress'd in the old womans cloathes, went to the Soldier, who at first took her to be the *Matron*, but by her speech finding it to be otherwise, he soon enjoyed those pleasures they had so long desired. The old Gentleman, who was gon to bed, could not sleep for thinking of that nights Adventure; and believing that he was not sufficiently reveng'd, leaving his bed, goes to the Pond, and utters outragious words against his Wife, which the old woman, who was there, thought was best not to answer; at which he was so enrag'd, that, having a Knife in his hand, he took her by the Nose, cut it off and threw it in her Face, wishing her to present it to her Lover, he return'd to bed. Soon after the Lady having taken leave of her young man, returnes to the old woman; who, tho' almost dead with her wound, gives her an account of her misfortune, she hears the Story with admiration, esteeming her self doubly happy in having enjoy'd her Soldiers love, and escap'd her Husbands fury: And now she comforts the old woman, by promising her a great reward. This pacifi'd her, and the Lady believing that the worst was past, unty'd the old woman, and again took her place in the water, where having contriv'd how to mannage her matters so as to come off with honour, she thus plaid her trick. Believing that her Husband was within hearing, as indeed he was, She, with a Lowd voice, makes a heavy complaint against him that had so wronged his Innocent and Chast Wife, and then she Implores the assistance of *Diana*, and all the other Goddesses of Chastity and Marriage to vindicate her, and that they would shew some example on her, to demonstrate her Chastity; and that they would be so gracious to restore to her that Beauty which her Husband had so rashly and unhumanely depriv'd her of. This was the sum of her Complaint and Prayer, then continuing for some time silent, she at length brake forth in lowd acclamations of Joy and Thanksgiving, to the Heavenly Powers, for her restoration, calling to her Husband to come & see the token of her Innocency: He being amaz'd at this discourse, resolv'd to try the truth; so rising out of his bed, went with a lighted Candle to his Wife, and looking in her Face found it whole and sound: Whereupon, he being greatly surpriz'd, and fearing Heavens vengeance for his wicked fury, he lets his chast Wife loose, and brings her again to her bed, so by this means she recover'd both her Nose and the Affection of her Husband.

Divertisement.

LAtely Lost between the Two Hams, an Invisible thing, call'd, A Maidenhead, if any Person can restore it to the careless looser, Mrs. Abigal Wagtaile, at the Sign of the Stool of Repentance in Strum-Alley, they shall be well rewarded with their Labour for their Paint.

LONDON Printed, and Sold by the General Assembly of *Hawkers*, 1698.